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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 352.)

# BORDER LAND.

*An Original Drama,*

**IN THREE ACTS.**

BY

**CHARLES TOWNSEND,**

*Author of "Deception," "On Guard," "Miss Madcap," "A Wonderful Letter," "The Woodman," etc.*

TOGETHER WITH

A Description of the Costumes—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage—and the whole of the Stage Business.

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# DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

	M.	F.		M.	F.
259. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts	6	3	109. Locked in, comedietta, 1 act.	2	1
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a.	5	1	85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch	1	1
74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.	7	4	87. Locked Out, comic scene	1	1
53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2	143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act.	4	2
73. Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3, 11	4	4	212. London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts	10	3
30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce, 1 act.	5	3	291. M. P., comedy, 4 acts	7	2
131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.	4	3	210. Mabel's Manœuvre, interlude, 1 act	1	3
276. Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a.	5	1	163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts	10	3
306. Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts.	8	5	154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts	8	6
277. Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw, farce, 1 act.	4	2	63. Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act.	5	3
206. Hair Apparent (The), farce, 1 act.	5	1	249. Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts	3	4
241. Handy Andy, drama, 2 acts	10	3	208. Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a.	3	2
28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.	1	1	39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act	4	2
151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.	2	3	7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts	5	3
8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts	10	3	49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.	8	2
180. Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts.	38	5	15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts	4	2
303. Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act.	2	2	46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts	5	2
19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.	3	2	51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.	3	2
60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts	5	5	302. Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act.	2	2
191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.	3	3	184. Money, comedy, 5 acts	17	3
246. High Life Below Stairs, farce, 2 acts	9	5	250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1a.	4	3
301. Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.	12	7	312. More Sinned against than Sinning, original Irish drama, 4 acts.	11	1
224. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts	5	3	234. Morning Call (A), comedietta, 1 act.	1	1
187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.	5	1	108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3	3
174. Home, comedy, 3 acts	4	3	188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3	3
211. Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1.	2	1	169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4	1
64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.	1	1	216. My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act.	3	3
190. Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act.	4	1	236. My Turn Next, farce, 1 act.	4	3
197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.	13	2	193. My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act.	1	1
225. Ici on Parle Français, farce, 1 act.	3	4	267. My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act.	3	4
152. Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts.	6	1	130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3	1
18. If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4	3	92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2	2
116. I'm not Meself at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3	2	218. Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts.	4	2
123. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.	2	3	140. Never Reckon your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.	3	4
159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act.	4	2	115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8	5
278. Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts	8	2	2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts	18	3
282. Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act.	9	3	57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts	4	4
273. Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts.	6	3	104. No Name, drama, 5 acts	7	5
243. Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.	8	3	112. Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3	3
271. Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.	9	3	298. Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act.	4	4
244. Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act.	5	2	185. Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts	13	3
270. Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act.	5	1	84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10	6
274. Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts	7	1	117. Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama, 3 acts.	5	4
122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts	11	4	171. Nothing like Paste, farce, 1 act.	3	1
177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1	14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts.	13	6
100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts	9	2	300. Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts	11	8
299. Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts.	26	6	269. Object of Interest (An), farce, 1 act.	4	3
139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts.	3	3	268. Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act.	3	3
17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts	6	4	173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.	3	3
233. Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act.	2	2	227. Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act.	5	4
309. Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7	2	176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1	2
86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts	12	5	254. One Too Many, farce, 1 act.	4	2
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.	11	5	33. One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act	2	3
72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.	4	2	3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8	4
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts	12	3	90. Only a Halpenny, farce, 1 act.	2	2
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.	3	2	170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4	2
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act.	1	1	289. On the Jury, drama, 4 acts.	5	5
253. Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5	3	97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act	3	3
17. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.	7	2	66. Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts.	18	4
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts	14	5	209. Othello, tragedy, 5 acts	16	2
239. Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act.	5	2	172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts	6	3
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2	4	94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act	7	5
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.	4	3	45. Our Domestic, comedy-farce, 2 acts	6	6
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts	6	6	155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts.	24	5
295. Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts	8	8	178. Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts.	17	5
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act.	3	2			
228. Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1.	4	1			

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## CHARACTERS.

JACK RALSTON, a guide and scout.	KIDDER, Dempsey's pal.
JOE DEMPSEY, alias Baron Hereford, alias "Old Ben."	CHARLEY, a young "terror."
HON. PATRICK MCFADDLE, a New York politician.	MARY LESTER, a New York belle
MR. LESTER, a banker.	POLLY, her sister.
CYRUS, his servant.	MISS SPRIGGINS.
	WINONA, an Indian girl.

## TIME—The present day.

An interval of six months is supposed to occur between the first and second acts, and of twelve hours between the second and third acts.

## TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS.

## SCENERY.

ACT I.—Elegantly furnished drawing-room in LESTER's house in the city of New York. Easy chairs R. and L.; elegant table L. U. E., with books, etc.

ACT II.—Plain room in RALSTON's ranch in Arizona. Common chairs R. and L.; rough table R. C. front; door in flat C.

ACT III.—Woodland in 4th grooves. Rocks L. U. E.

## COSTUMES.

RALSTON.—Act 1, Black cutaway suit, derby hat, long hair to fall over shoulders. Act 2, Full buckskin suit, wide-brim white hat, rifle, revolver, knife. Act 3, Same as Act 2.

DEMPSEY.—Act 1, Black Prince Albert suit, patent-leather shoes, gloves. Act 2, Rusty black suit, slouch hat, full beard, spectacles. Act 3, No coat, vest, nor suspenders, woolen shirt, belt, slouch hat, boots, knife, and revolver with blank cartridge.

MCFADDLE, a "sporting" politician.—Act 1, Prince Albert coat, "loud" trousers, silk hat, high collar, large cuffs, cane, cigar in mouth. Act 2, Shabby suit, battered hat; *last entrance*, black eye, collar open, coat off. Act 3, Same as Act 2; carries gun.

LESTER.—Act 1, Business suit, gray hair, mustache. Act 2, Light suit, black soft hat, boots or leggins, riding whip, gloves.

CYRUS.—Act 1, Neat black suit, white tie, gloves, etc. Act 2, Light suit; *last entrance*, collar open, coat off, bloody handkerchief, etc. Act 3, Same as Act 2; carries gun and very large revolver.

KIDDER.—Act 2, Woolen shirt, rough trousers, high boots, slouch hat, knife and pistol. Act 3, Same as Act 2.

CHARLIE.—Act 1, Knee pants, short jacket. Acts 2 and 3, Light suit, long trousers.

MARY.—Act 1, Elegant house dress. Acts 2 and 3, Riding habit, wide-brim straw hat, shawl, gloves.

POLLY.—Act 1, Short skirts, hair loose, like young girl. Act 2, Light dress, straw hat. Act 3, Same, with light cloak.

MISS SPRIGGINS.—Made up extravagantly girlish, paint on face very conspicuous. Costume affected and girlish throughout.

WINONA.—Acts 2 and 3, Indian girl's costume, short skirts, leggings, beads, moccasins, faucy bracelets, knife at girdle.

### PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Cane for MCFADDLE; folded paper for LESTER; revolver for RALSTON; short dagger for DEMPSEY.

ACT II.—Handsome dagger in sheath for WINONA; long rope and very small dog for MCFADDLE; lariat, riding gloves, and whips for LESTER and MARY; rifle for RALSTON.

ACT III.—Four revolvers, one loaded with blank cartridge, for DEMPSEY; three rifles, two large bowie knives.

### SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY.

Act I. is at the residence of MR. LESTER, a wealthy New York banker. MCFADDLE, a ward politician, has introduced a bill in the Legislature to reduce the rate of interest, and now offers his services to LESTER to kill the bill. LESTER indignantly refuses, and MCFADDEN leaves, breathing vengeance. JACK RALSTON, a guide and scout, has just arrived from Arizona, bringing a report from a silver mine in which LESTER is interested. He tells of his trip, and gives a modest account of his adventures in New York. CHARLIE and POLLY, MR. LESTER's young hopefuls, now appear, and have an uproariously funny scene with Miss SPRIGGINS, an "old maid" governess, who is very anxious to marry. This is followed by a scene between JOE DEMPSEY, a brilliant, polished scoundrel, and MARY LESTER, the banker's eldest daughter. DEMPSEY wishes to secure MARY's fortune, and accordingly makes love to her, with every prospect of success. During a soliloquy by DEMPSEY we learn that he is, in reality, an outlaw, who has secured his present social position through forged letters of introduction. He exits, chuckling over his good fortune, as LESTER and RALSTON enter. In a speech of marked pathos RALSTON tells how his brother was murdered by DEMPSEY. MARY enters, and a richly humorous scene takes place between her and the bashful scout. They exit, and while DEMPSEY is congratulating himself on his success RALSTON enters. The recognition is mutual. DEMPSEY is exposed, the act ending with a startling tableau.

Act II. is at RALSTON's ranch in Arizona. MR. LESTER has brought his family west on a pleasure trip. POLLY and CHARLIE are in their glory, and make things exceedingly lively for Miss SPRIGGINS and MCFADDLE. LESTER has given employment to "Old Ben," an alleged cripple, who is really DEMPSEY in disguise. An irresistibly comical love scene between Miss SPRIGGINS and MCFADDEN is followed by a neat and effective interview between MARY and RALSTON, in which the latter successfully pleads his cause. "OLD BEN" now appears with a message from the mines, requiring MR. LESTER and RALSTON to go there at once. No sooner are they gone than DEMPSEY throws off his disguise and calls in KIDDER, one of his gang, to assist him in his scheme of securing MARY, and holding her for a heavy ransom. The plot is overheard by WINONA, an Indian girl, who hastens to inform RALSTON. The action of the play now becomes rapid and exciting, though free from all taint of "border ruffian" or "dime novel" business. RALSTON throws a blanket over a



a chair, puts on MARY's shawl and broad-brimmed hat, and is pounced upon by DEMPSEY and KIDDER. Others enter, DEMPSEY escapes, but KIDDER is captured. RALSTON leaves his captive with McFADDLE and CYRUS, and rides on to overtake LESTER. MARY, meanwhile, has gone for a ride, KIDDER escapes from his guards, which makes an immensely funny scene. RALSTON and LESTER return only to learn from WINONA that DEMPSEY has triumphed at last, and MARY has fallen into his clutches.

Act III. is in the mountains. DEMPSEY, KIDDER, and MARY enter. The former announces that he must have rest as he is worn out. KIDDER, left alone, considers that things look rather squally, and resolves to cut loose from DEMPSEY. McFADDLE and CYRUS, who are helping to trace DEMPSEY, now appear, and their alternate scenes of fear and bluster are highly amusing. RALSTON now appears, followed soon after by WINONA. Some one is heard approaching, and they conceal themselves. DEMPSEY enters, calling for KIDDER, and is covered by RALSTON's revolver. His cunning does not desert him, however, for he points behind RALSTON, crying, "There is Mary!" RALSTON turns, and like a flash DEMPSEY draws his revolver and fires. WINONA, who has seen the motion, springs in front of RALSTON, receives the shot, and falls in his arms. DEMPSEY is about to fire again when KIDDER wrenches the pistol from him, and exits. WINONA has a very pathetic death scene, and as RALSTON bends over her, DEMPSEY draws his knife, steps behind him, and is on the point of stabbing him when RALSTON turns instinctively, grasps his wrist, and hurls him off. He then draws his own knife, and a thrilling duel is fought, ending with the death of DEMPSEY. The play ends with MARY in the arms of RALSTON as the curtain descends.

## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

### FOR BILLS AND HOUSE PROGRAMMES.

ACT I.—MR. LESTER'S HOUSE IN NEW YORK.—The "honest" politician—Ralston's arrival—His adventures—Opinion of New York—Polly and Charlie—"Recite your lessons"—The proposal—False colors—The story of a murder—The bashful scout—"Her fortune is mine!"—Face to face—The exposure—"Dempsey the renegade!"


ACT II.—RALSTON'S RANCH IN ARIZONA.—A pleasant trip—"Those dreadful children!"—McFaddle and his dog—An astonished Irishman—"Snakes"—Two brave men—The Indian girl—A modest lover—"Old Ben" and Kidder—Plotting—A surprise party—Kidder escapes—Dempsey's triumph.

ACT III.—IN THE MOUNTAINS—Mary a captive—Dempsey's threat—McFaddle and Cyrus—The "babes in the wood"—On the trail—"Time's up, Joe Dempsey"—Death of Winona—Kidder on hand—Man to man—The duel—Saved!

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

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# BORDER LAND.

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Elegantly furnished drawing-room in 4th grooves.*

McFADDLE (*heard off c.*). All right; tell him I'm here, ye blackguard! Tell him I'm here, an' be lively now!

*Enter* McFADDLE, C. D.

McF. (*R. front*). Dom a naygur, anyhow! The idea av me—*me*, the Hon. Patrick McFaddle, av the Noo York Legislature, bein' obliged to tell me business to a naygur! A naygur! mind that. Faith, an' av I hed to hire naygurs to work for me, I'd get me Chinazers, that I would!

*Enter* MR. LESTER, L. U. E.

LESTER. Good morning, sir. What may I have the pleasure of doing for you, Mr.—Mr.—

McF. The Hon. Patrick McFaddle, sor, mimber of the Noo York Legislature, sor.

LESTER (*L.*). Well, sir?

McF. Well, sor! Ye air doubtless aware that I, meself, sor, hev introduced a bill afore the Assimby to reduce the rate av lagel interest to five per cent., sor.

LESTER. Well, sir?

McF. Will, sor! Ahem! As ye air a banker, sor, I tho't I'd call on ye, sor, to see av it would be to your interest to hev *my* interest for *your* interest to kape up the rate of interest by killing me own bill.

LESTER. That is interesting.

McF. Yer roight, sor, yer roight. Now, what d' ye say? I'm aisy to deal wid, sor. Yis, sor.

LESTER. I say that it will be to *your* interest to get out of my house at once!

McF. (*puffing cigar*). The divil ye do! D'ye mane what ye say, eh? D'ye know who yer talkin' to, sor?

LESTER. Of course I do, you contemptible shyster! It is men like you who have made our State government the laughing stock of America. Go sell yourself, if you choose. But I will not buy you. (*crosses R.*)

McF. (*L.*). Ye won't, eh? Well, ye ould duffer, I'll bust yer business fer ye. I'll—Wah!—I'll make wan per cint lagel interest, an' I'll—I'll—Whoop!—I'll make usury punished by killin', so I will, an' I'll—(*backing*

towards C. D.) I'll—(*backs against* CYRUS, *who enters* C. D.) What d'ye run agin me fer, ye blamed orang-outang?

CYRUS. What fo' yo' run inter me fo', yo' mis'ble no 'count Irish? Don' yo' know a gen'leman when yo' see one? Huh!

McF. Ah, coal-tar! Av we was outside I'd knock the brains out av yer impty head, so I would. [*Exit*, C. D.]

CYRUS (*at* C. D.). Yah! ya-h! Irish!

LESTER. Well, Cy, what do you want?

CYRUS. I 'clare to gracious, Mr. Lester, I'se done fergot. Dat ar' Irish jes joggled my brains all up. An'—an' I'se presactly fergot to remember—Oh, now I has it! Dar's a man down sta'rs es wants ter see yo'. Ses he's from Harrison-you-know!

LESTER. From where?

CYRUS. From Harrison-you-know, an' he w'ars long ha'r down his back, an'—an' he ses it's erbout er mine, an'—

LESTER. Oh, you mean that he is from Arizona.

CYRUS. Presactly! Dat's him. An' he's got orful sharp eyes, an'—an'—

LESTER. Very well. Show him up. (*exit* CYRUS, C. D.) Perhaps they have struck ore in that silver mine at last. I had given it up as a bad investment.

*Enter* CYRUS, C. D., *followed by* RALSTON.

CYRUS. Mr. John Ralston!

RALSTON. No 'tain't; it's *Jack* Ralston! [*Exit* CYRUS, C. D.]

LESTER (*shaking hands*). Glad to see you, Mr. Ralston. From Arizona, eh?

RALSTON (C.). Yes, an' I wish I war back thar ag'in.

LESTER (*seated* R.). Why so?

RALSTON (*seated* C.). 'Cause this yer great big town makes my head whirl. What with the lamity slam of them ar' steam ingines a haulin' cars over yer head, an' ther slamity lam of the hoss cars, an' ther everlastin' pretty gals, an' these here store clothes wot I ain't used to, an' ther miles an' miles of wagons, an' people rushin' around as ef they'd jest ketched a lot of hoss thieves—whoo!—it's awful.

LESTER. You had no trouble, I hope?

RALSTON. Not a powerful lot. I met one chap who seemed tremenjus glad to see me, but when I told my name he 'lowed he war mistook an' left. Then another chap came along an' says, "Hello, Jack! How's things in Arizona?" I reckoned he must be one of them bunco men what I'd read about, so I took him sorter gentle by the collar. "The grass is greener nor the men," says I; then I shook him some an' butted his head ag'in my fist a little.

LESTER. What then?

RALSTON. That's all. He went away tryin' to cough up some teeth out of his throat, an' I came here.

LESTER. Bravo! If all strangers were like you, bunco men, like Othello, would find their occupation gone.

RALSTON. So Mr. Othello has give up business?

LESTER. Er—yes—he is dead. But what bring you here?

RALSTON. Well, sir, they've struck it rich at the mines, an' they wanted me to come on with the report. Not that I know anything about mines, which I don't, being 'as I'm a plains-man. But, you see, the country is full of troublesome Indians, an' 'tain't everybody as knows how to dodge 'em.

LESTER. And you?



RALSTON. Wal, it war a long ride, an' I had a bit of a scrimmage or two—had to let daylight through half a dozen, may be; but 'twan't anything serious.

LESTER (*aside*). Bless me! Kills half a dozen Indians, and thinks it nothing serious!

RALSTON. Would you like to look at the report?

LESTER. There is no particular hurry.

*Enter POLLY and CHARLIE, C. D.*

POLLY. Hello, pop! Come along, Charlie.

LESTER. Now then, what have you children been up to?

POL. (*L. front*). Children? Well, I never!

CHARLIE (*L. front*). Children? Oh, come now, I say—

LESTER (*C.*). This is my daughter Polly, Mr. Ralston.

RALSTON (*R.*). Call me Jack, please; I'm not used to bein' "mistered."

POL. (*to CHARLIE*). Isn't he sweet?

CHAR. He's a chump.

POL. Well, he's a man, anyhow.

CHAR. A man! And what am I?

POL. Nothing.

CHAR. Yah!

POL. Bah! (*they go up L. quarrelling.*)

LESTER. If you choose, we will step into the library and look over the report.

RALSTON. All right, sir.

[*Exit with LESTER, R. U. E.*]

CHAR. (*C.*). Where's the old dragoness?

POL. (*C.*). Who—Miss Spriggins?

CHAR. Yep.

POL. She's locked up!

CHAR. Jugged, eh? (*POLLY nods*) You did it?

POL. Cert. The idea of young ladies and gents like us having such an Egyptian mummy for a governess! Mean old thing! I locked her up in her own room.

CHAR. Hooray! Now we'll have a circus.

*Enter MISS SPRIGGINS, C. D. to C.*

MISS S. I'll "circus" you! Oh, you bad, mean, wicked, horrid, awful, terrible, shameful, naughty, dreadful children! How dare you lock me up? What shall I do with you? Say?

CHAR. (*R.*). Give us you a blessing.

POL. (*L.*). Tell us a love story.

MISS S. (*C.*). Silence!

CHAR. Turn a handspring.

POL. Dance a jig.

MISS S. Silence! both of you. Sit down. (*they sit*) You shall recite your lessons right here. What is legal interest?

POL. All you can get.

MISS S. What are taxes?

CHAR. Something you swear out of paying.

MISS S. What is the leading American industry?

POL. Politics.

CHAR. Boodle.

MISS S. I won't have such answers. What is the chief product of the Southern States?

POL. Democrats.

CHAR. Niggers.

MISS S. Now, sir, how many are five times eight ?

CHAR. Five times eight are—(*looks at POLLY.*)

POL. (*loud, half whisper*). Nineteen !

CHAR. (*rapidly*). Nineteen.

MISS S. No.

CHAR. (*to POLLY*). I'll thump you. (*aloud*) Fourteen.

MISS S. No.

CHAR. What's the question ?

MISS S. How many are five times eight ?

CHAR. (*rapidly*). Twenty.

MISS S. (*rapidly*). No.

CHAR. Thirty.

MISS S. No.

CHAR. Forty.

MISS S. Yes.

CHAR. Fifty.

MISS S. No, no !

CHAR. and POL. (*together*). You said yes. (*rise and dance around stage.*)

MISS S. Come back and sit down this minute !

CHAR. and POL. (*together*). Shan't ! shan't ! shan't !

[*Lock arms and exit, skipping, c. d.*]

MISS S. (*c.*). Ah, me ! Was there ever a poor, young, innocent, tender soul tried like mine ? Are all my gay, girlish spirits to be forever crushed down by these reprobates ? Ah, me ! In a few years I shall be an old maid in spite of myself, unless I meet my heart's true love, who will lead me to the altar, a sweet young bride. (*savagely*) I'll get a husband one of these days, or I'll know the reason why. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

*Enter DEMPSEY and MARY, L. U. E.*

MARY (*coming down to R.*). And so, Baron, you really do like America ?

DEMPSEY (*stands behind MARY, who sits R. front*). Yes indeed. Your people are so charming—so natural—so free from all affectation. And your energy and enterprise are simply bewildering to an easy-going European like me.

MARY. Yet socially, I suppose, in your eyes we are mere barbarians ?

DEMP. In my eyes, Miss Lester, you are nothing of the sort. No court in Europe can show more culture and refinement than I have seen in America. Your men, with their sturdy independence, your lovely women, with their beautiful faces and charming manners, form a social aristocracy which the choicest circles of the old world might vainly hope to equal.

MARY. Ah, Baron, you overpraise us, I fear.

DEMP. (*sits beside her*). I speak from the heart, Miss Lester ; and could my heart be false to one whose good will I cherish above all else on earth ? Miss Lester—Mary—may I call you by that name, the sweetest ever borne by woman ?

MARY. If—if you prefer.

DEMP. Then hear me. I have known you but a short time, yet in that time you have won my heart. Do not cast it aside. I cannot plead with a handsome face nor wily tongue ; but I can give you the love of an honest heart, wealth, rank, and title.

MARY (*aside*). A baroness !

DEMP. I will not paint the grandeur of my ancestral home, nor tell of the honors and glories that await you. Let me speak for myself alone. Silent, Mary? Do my words find no echo in your heart?

MARY. I—I cannot tell you, Baron. I do not know my own mind. You have honored me greatly—have made me a dazzling offer, and yet—I cannot tell.

DEMP. Think it over—consider it well; but remember that the happiness of a proud, honored name is in your hands—that my future is yours, to make or mar, as you will.

MARY (C.). Ah, Baron, you know how to reach the heart of woman, with all her pride and vanity.

DEMP. You flatter me. (*exit MARY, L. 1 E.*) Victory! I'm in for a cool million! "Was ever woman in this humor wooed?" Shades of Shakespeare! I believe I would make a very decent stage villain. (*sits R.*) How the little fool swallowed my pretty speeches! Baron Hereford! That's good. How my old gang in Arizona would howl to see me in these togs. Yet I was born a gentleman, educated as a gentleman, and went to the devil—like a gentleman. I have been a soldier, deserter, cowboy, miner, and road-agent. To-day, thanks to some cleverly forged letters of introduction, I pose as a man of rank, a rich baron, with a splendid castle (in the air), and a dead sure thing of winning a wife with a million as a dowry. You are in luck, Joe Dempsey—beg your pardon—*Baron Hereford!* Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit, laughing, L. 1 E.*]

*Enter LESTER and RALSTON, R. U. E. to C.*

LESTER. That is a good showing, Ralston, and we owe everything to you. If you had not risked your money to keep the mine going, we should never have reached pay ore.

RALSTON. I did it on my brother's account. He had an interest in the mine, you know. An' when the money what you sent on were stolen by Dempsey's gang, he says to me, "Jack, thar's money in that yere mine. You've saved up some rocks, an' ef you want ter chip in an' keep 'er goin', we'll strike it rich some day." An' so we did, but my brother, poor chap, never lived to see it. (*sits R. of table, L.*)

LESTER. He died, then? (*sits R.*)

RALSTON. Died? He was murdered and robbed—shot through the back by that whelp of a Dempsey. They brought him into camp, and all the livelong night he lay on my arm gaspin' for breath, while the life blood ebbed away, an' his great honest heart beat fainter an' fainter. Along to'rds mornin' he opened his eyes an' pressed my hand a little. "I'm goin', Jack," says he. "I hate to leave you, old fellow, but my time's up. Remember who killed me, an'—an'—take care of—mother." Then the light died out of his eyes, an' to look at him, you'd a thought he was asleep.

LESTER. But what became of Dempsey?

RALSTON. Oh, the boys chased him clear across Arizona, but he managed to give 'em the slip. I'll meet him though, some day, an' when I do, by the living God, thar'll be a new devil in purgatory! (*rises and comes down L.*)

LESTER (R. C.). I wish you could meet him right here, the scoundrel!

*Enter MARY, C. D.*

MARY (C.). Meet whom, papa?

LESTER (R.). The "old boy," I believe. Let me present him.

MARY (*down c.*). Eh?

LESTER. Eh! Oh, I beg pardon. I mean, let me introduce my friend Mr. Ralston—my daughter, Miss Lester.

MARY (*L. c., shakes hands with RALSTON*). The famous guide and scout. I have often read about you, sir.

RALSTON (*awkwardly*). 'Bout me, miss? Why, I never done anything worth readin'.

MARY. Your coolness and bravery in times of danger—your wonderful battles and thrilling adventures—they really make me think of the knights of old.

RALSTON. Wal—er—I've sorter thought it were all night with me sometimes. But it weren't anything—I know—that is—er—you know—(*confused*) I—you see—(*aside*) What a reg'lar lop-sided fool I'm makin' of myself!

LESTER (*smiling*). You are too modest, Jack. Excuse me for a few minutes. (*going R.*) Mary will be delighted to hear you tell some of your many adventures.

RALSTON (*detains him. MARY goes up L.*). Oh come, I say, you ain't goin' to leave me alone with her?

LESTER (*R.*). And why not?

RALSTON. 'Cause I'm scared to stay.

LESTER. Afraid, eh? And I thought you plucky.

RALSTON. I'm plucky enough when it comes to fightin' Indians or catamounts, or the devil himself. But to be left alone with such rosy cheeks an' sparklin' eyes—Oh Lord!

LESTER. Nonsense! She won't hurt you.

RALSTON. I know that, but she'll scar' me to death.

LESTER. Ha, ha, ha! I'll risk it.

[*Exit, R. U. E.*

MARY (*L. front*). Now, Mr. Ralston, I'm listening.

RALSTON (*R.*). Yes—mum.

MARY. Won't you sit down?

RALSTON (*sits R. c.*). Yes—mum.

MARY. Well?

RALSTON (*after a pause*). Er—yes—pretty well.

MARY. I am afraid you find it rather dull here, after your exciting life in the West?

RALSTON (*pause*). Yes, mum—er—no, mum. I don't know.

MARY. Life on the plains must be very romantic.

RALSTON. No, mum, but it makes you powerful hungry. An' then it's sorter—a sorter—(*looks straight ahead.*)

MARY. As you were saying—

RALSTON (*pause*). Yes, mum—exactly—that's what I said.

MARY. I suppose the Indians are very bloodthirsty?

RALSTON. Sorter; but they like whiskey better.

MARY. You have had many narrow escapes, no doubt?

RALSTON. Why, yes, miss—I've had to scramble pretty lively sometimes, when they've been arter my ha'r.

MARY. What did they want with your hair?

RALSTON. Why, miss, to show that they'd cooked my goose—er—that is—salted my bacon—that is to say—snuffed me out—er—you know—I mean—(*aside*) Whoo! Good Lord, what do I mean? (*aloud*) Yes, miss, you see, that's it.

MARY. Exactly. (*aside*) Poor fellow, what *does* he mean?

RALSTON (*quickly*). I think your father wants to see me, miss; so, if you don't mind, I'll just go in thar.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*

MARY (*laughing*). Here is a curiosity; a really modest man. He hardly looked at me once, poor fellow. He is a gentleman at heart.

*Enter POLLY, quickly, c. d.*

POL. (c.). Yes; and isn't he good looking?

MARY (r.). Who?

POL. Who indeed? Why, your modest gentleman. I think he's a regular stunner.

MARY. Polly Lester! Where did you learn to speak in that dreadful manner?

POL. Dreadful? Why, I'm sure I talk plain enough.

MARY. No lady ever uses slang.

POL. (*sits on table swinging feet*). I'm not a lady; I'm only a "horrible child." Old Spriggins says so, anyhow.

MARY. "Old Spriggins"! For shame, Polly! What would people think to hear you talk like that?

POL. People? Do you mean the baron? What do I care for him? I bet you he's a fraud. And as for Jack, he thinks I'm a brick!

MARY. Polly!

POL. I don't care; it's so. (*comes to MARY at c.*) But there, sis, don't worry. I'll take a tumble, and I'll cheese my racket, and I'll gush to gurge if I sling any more slang. So, tra-la-la. (*at c. d.*) I'm going to brace right up. [*Exit, c. d.*]

MARY. Here comes the baron. Oh dear, I don't believe I want to marry him, title or no title. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

*Enter LESTER and DEMPSEY, L. U. E.*

LESTER. And you think my daughter loves you?

DEMP. (c.). I flatter myself that she does. True, I have not the airy grace nor the flattering tongue that some possess; but I love your daughter more than life, and my greatest happiness will be in ministering to hers. I can give her wealth, rank, a title——

LESTER. Excuse me, Baron; but these claims have no weight with me. I am an American, and we are all sovereigns. An American gentleman yields precedence to no man on earth. If my daughter loves you I shall offer no objection to your marriage. But I will tell you frankly that I would rather see her the wife of an honest, upright American than wedded to the proudest title of any European court.

DEMP. Quite right, sir, quite right. I agree with you perfectly. And if I did not feel certain that my love for your daughter was returned, I would not for a moment have ventured to press my claims.

LESTER. Very well. Settle it between yourselves. (*aside*) I hope she will refuse him. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

DEMP. (r.). The old chap fights rather shy. But then, what do I care? I am sure of the girl, and sure of her fortune. Once let me get that into my hands, (*going c.*) and I don't care a cuss what becomes of her.

*Enter RALSTON, c. d. Chord—pause.*

DEMP. (*to L. front*). Jack Ralston here!

RALSTON (*comes down slowly*). So, I've run you down at last, Joe Dempsey!

DEMP. I don't know you. Let me pass, fellow.

RALSTON. Lying scoundrel! (*hurls DEMPSEY to the floor and draws revolver.*)

DEMP. (*L. front, raises right arm*). I am unarmed.

RALSTON. So was my brother when you murdered him.



DEMP. Give a man a chance.

RALSTON. I will. (*pockets revolver*) 'Twouldn't look just right to kill you here. Get up. Pull yer stakes an' leave these diggins. Head fer the West, an' don't ye jump the trail—for yer dead meat if ye try it. When we're back in ther ole hills ag'in, then I'll give ye a show for yer life.

DEMP. (*rises—aside*). Curse the luck! I'm done for.

RALSTON. Come now; daylight's burning! (*turns away*.)

DEMP. All right. (*turns, sees that RALSTON has turned away, pauses, draws knife, tiptoes behind him, and is about to stab him, when the latter turns and seizes his uplifted arm. Music—chord.*)

RALSTON. Ah! (*forces DEMPSEY to his knees.*)

*Enter* LESTER, MARY, CHARLIE, and POLLY, R. and L.

POL. Murder!

CHAR. Police!

MARY. Mr. Ralston—

LESTER. Who is that man?

RALSTON. A coward, thief, and murderer!—Joe Dempsey, the renegade! (*DEMPSEY on knees, RALSTON standing over him.*)

LESTER.

POLLY.

MARY.

CHARLIE.

L.

DEMPSEY.

RALSTON.

R.

QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Plain room in RALSTON's ranch in 4th grooves. Table and chairs R. C.; chairs R. and L.*

*Enter* LESTER, MARY, and MISS SPRIGGINS, R. U. E.

LESTER (C.). Well, my dear, and what do you think of Arizona now?

MARY. I think it is a splendid country. (*sits R.*)

MISS S. (L.). The country is all well enough, but you should have left those heathenish children at home. Not that I care, for I am not the one to find fault and grumble and keep my tongue going all the time, for everybody knows that I never say anything whatever; not but what I think I ought to once in a while, but I am one of the sort that believes silence is golden; so whenever I feel like talking I just shut my lips tight and never say a single solitary word!

LESTER. Oh-h-h! Then you don't feel like talking to-day?

MISS S. Not a bit; but I do think (*sits L.*) it was so very kind in Mr. Ralston to let us have the use of this house, and I do wish he was here now, for I am so timid, and I am so afraid that that awful Dempsey is around, and Mr. Ralston should never have allowed him to go after he captured him in New York; and I am sure I saw an Indian, and those dreadful children racing around and getting into all sorts of trouble, and raising Cain all the while, and—

*POLLY runs on, followed by CHARLIE, R. U. E.*

POL. Whoo! O-oh! Murder! Get away!

MARY (R.). What is the matter, Polly?

POL. (L.) He was ch-ch-chasing me with a snake!

MISS S. (C. *front, gathering up her skirts*). A snake! Oh dear! oh dear! What shall I do?

CHAR. (L. C.). Oh, rats! It's dead. And if it wasn't, one look at you would scare it to death.

MISS S. You are a bad young man. You ought to be spanked.

CHAR. Oh, had I? May be you'd like to try it, old paint shop.

LESTER (R.). Leave the room, sir.

CHAR. Yessir. Come along, Polly. [*Exit with POLLY, R. U. E.*]

*Enter DEMPSEY, L. U. E., disguised. Bends over as if unable to stand erect. Left hand on knee. Speaks roughly.*

DEMP. Begs parding, sir, but the hosses air ready, ef you wants a bit of a ride, sir.

LESTER. Thanks, my good fellow. You are indeed a faithful chap.

DEMP. (C.). I tries to be, sir, even though I ain't nothin' but a poor ole cripple, sir, a poor ole cripple.

LESTER. There, there, Ben. Cheer up. Perhaps something can be done for you.

DEMP. Bless you, sir, bless you.

LESTER. Come, come, no thanks. (*exit DEMPSEY, L. U. E.*) Now then, Mary, if you are ready.

MARY. Yes, papa.

[*Exit with LESTER, L. U. E.*]

MISS S. I don't like the looks of that cripple one bit. I don't believe that he is just what he is, or just what he ought to be, anyhow. Perhaps he is a robber. (*comes to C.*) And they have gone off and left me all alone. Oh dear! oh dear! I'm so timid. What will become of poor little me?

*Enter MCFADDLE, L. U. E. Has a long rope which is held by a person outside, so that he is apparently struggling with a large animal. At end of speech he drags on a very small dog.*

McF. Come along wid ye—aisy now—aisy ye brute—murtherin' Moses—whoop—yah—(*continues struggle*) Steady now—wah—be dacent—there ye air. (*down C.*)

MISS S. (R.). Oh sir!

McF. Oh mum! (*aside*) There's a quare ould hin!

MISS S. I am so glad to see you here.

McF. Air ye? So'm I; though I thought me an' me dog would niver git here, faith an' I did.

MISS S. Then you are not a native of this dreadful locality?

McF. No indade! I'm from Noo Yark, I am. Hon. Patrick McFaddle is me name, ex-mimber av the Noo Yark Legislature, where I orter be in now, worse luck, av I'd only got the re-nomination.

MISS S. How was that?

McF. Oh, they didn't understhand pollytics.

MISS S. No?

McF. No. Ye see, I introjuced a bill into the Legislature to rejuce the lagel rate of interest; then I used me influence to kill me own bill, which was all fair an' roight, an' I made a good thing out av it. But the

cat got out av the bag, an' the dirthy haythen bate me out av me boots at the nixt convintion.

MISS S. That was too bad.

McF. Yis, mum. So I skipped out, an' here I am, growin' up wid the counthry, an' lookin' for another Legislature in need av an honest pollytician.

MISS S. Such genius as yours must always command admiration. Ah, if we only had more great men like you!

McF. Yer roight, mum, yer roight. (*aside*) It's a daisy she is. Wonder how she'd look wid the paint scraped off her face.

MISS S. (*aside*). I've made an impression! (*aloud*) Ahem! Did you ever feel the sweet delight of love's young dream?

McF. (*aside*). Jerusalem! (*aloud*) Did I?—Hum! Well, mum, I know the symptoms. Love is loike the maysles—the oulder ye air the worse ye have 'em.

MISS S. (*meltingly*). Did you never feel a passionate, eager longing for a single heart?

McF. Oh, fraquently, mum, fraquently, (*aside*) whin hearts were trumps!

MISS S. Then you could appreciate a heart that would beat for you alone—for a soul that would commune with yours in silent rapture?

McF. I—I guess so, mum. I dunno. I—(*aside*) What the divil is she tryin' to git at? I dunno.

MISS S. Then come to my arms, Patrick darling! (*throws her arms around his neck.*)

McF. (*aside*). Howly Moses! (*she looks at him lovingly*) Murther! (*louder*) Murther!

*Enter CHARLIE and POLLY, L. U. E., and come down.*

Fire! (*quickly*) Oh Lord! Take her off! Take her off!

CHAR. and POL. (*together, each side of them*). Snakes!

MISS S. Snakes! Oh, oh, oh! [*Gathers skirts and exit, L. 1 E.*

McF. Snakes! Murther! murther! [*Exit with dog, R. 1 E.*

CHAR. Hooray! I say, Polly—

POL. Say it.

CHAR. Didn't she fly though?

POL. Well, I should twitter!

*Enter RALSTON, L. U. E.*

RALSTON. Hillo, youngsters! Yer lookin' chipper.

POL. Oh, it's Jack!

CHAR. Hip, hip, hurrah! (*each takes his hand; they come down.*)

POL. Where've you been so long?

CHAR. Kill any Injuns?

POL. Did you shoot Dempsey?

CHAR. Old Spriggins was mashing an Irishman—

POL. And we hollered "snakes"—

CHAR. And scared 'em both to death.

RALSTON. Whew! Well, you have been goin' it. No, I didn't kill any Injuns, an' I didn't shoot Dempsey, for he's turned up missin'. But whar's the other folks?

POL. (*sits on table*). Oh, papa and Mary are out riding—they didn't expect you to-day; Miss Spriggins has just kerflummuxed, and Cy is asleep.

CHAR. Of course. He's the laziest nigger in the world.

RALSTON. Well, come along, youngsters. Let's have a look at the ranch. [Exit, R. 1 E.]

POL. (R.). It's Mary he wants to see.

CHAR. (C.). Poor fellow! If he only knew as much about women as I do——

POL. Oh, bother! [Exeunt, R. 1 E.]

*Enter CYRUS, L. U. E., rubbing his eyes, to R. front.*

CYRUS. So I'se de laziest niggah (*yawns*) in de worle, is I? Now I calls dat pussonal, sah, pussonal. I isn't lazy. (*yawns*) No, sah. I'se jes tired—dat's all—tired. It's pow'ful ha'd wuck doin' nuffin' out heah, (*yawns*) an' I s'pect I'se mos' wucked to def. (*yawns*.)

*Enter McFADDLE, R. U. E.*

McF. (*nervously*). I—I—I—I wonder av she's gone. Hello, there's a naygur! I say, coal-dust, (*coming down*) hev ye seen anything av a she-lunatic around here?

CYRUS. A what-am-tick?

McF. A lunatic, maniac, banshee!

CYRUS. What's dem—Injuns? I isn't 'fraid ob no Injuns.

McF. (C.). Nayther am I. But this was a white wan.

WINONA (*off L. U. E.*). O-o-o-o-la!

CYRUS. Christofo Columbus! What's dat?

*Enter WINONA, L. U. E.*

McF. (*rushes to CYRUS; they cling to each other at R. front*). It's an Injun! Oh, I'm killed, I'm killed! I'm dead, I'm dead!

CYRUS (*motioning over McFADDLE's shoulder*). Go 'way! Shoo! Go 'way! I ain't done nuffin. Go 'way dar! Scat! Shoo!

WINONA (*down L.*). Me no hurt—me good girl—me want Jack.

McF. Naygur——

CYRUS. Eh!

McF. It's a squaw.

CYRUS. Am dat so? (*looks round*.)

McF. Av coorse. The idea av yer bein' afraid av a girl. Ahem, hem! (*steps toward WINONA, but runs back as she turns to him*.)

CYRUS. What fo' yo' run, huh?

McF. I didn't; I only slipped. Now watch me. Hem! I say, Pocahontas, what's yer name?

WIN. Winona.

McF. Swate child av the wilderness! An' what do ye do for a livin'?

WIN. Me sing, an' dance, an' love Jack.

McF. Oh, you love Jack, eh? Well, that makes it nice for Jack. Now I say, wine—rum—gin—eh, what's yer name?

WIN. Winona.

McF. Well, Winona, couldn't ye jes transfer a little av yer affection to me? (*pats her under the chin*.)

WIN. Take care! (*draws knife*) Winona can kill!

McF. (R. front). Och! Murther, murther! Fire! Polace!

CYRUS (R. front). P'lice! Fiah! Sho! Go 'way!

*Enter RALSTON quickly, R. U. E. to C.*

RALSTON. Eh! What's all this row?

WIN. (*embracing him*). Jack! Poor Winona—been so lonesome!

McF. There! Luk at him, luk at him! Huggin' a squaw!

RALSTON. Thar, child. Winona is a poor Injun girl that I rescued from a gang of cut-throat Apaches. I'm her only friend, an' the man what insults her must answer to Jack Ralston.

McF. We wouldn't touch a hair of her hid, would we, coal-bin?

CYRUS. Golly, yo' don' ketch dis chile foolin' roun' dat ar' butcher knife.  
[*Exit with McFADDLE, R. 1 E.*]

*Enter DEMPSEY, L. U. E. to C.*

DEMP. (*coming down*). Mr. Lester is comin', sir.

RALSTON. Who're you?

DEMP. Ole Ben, sir; a pore mis'ble cripple wot Mr. Lester is good to.

RALSTON. Um. I believe he'd be good to the devil himself. Well, tell him I'm here. (*crosses to R. front.*)

DEMP. Yes, sir. (*goes, pauses, raises fist unseen by RALSTON or WINONA*) Yes, sir, yes, sir. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

WIN. Who that man?

RALSTON. I don't know. Some hanger-on, I reckon.

WIN. He hate you—me see his eyes. Bad—hate—hate. Winona watch. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

RALSTON (*looks off R. U. E.*). Thar she comes on the gallop, jest as she galloped into my heart. Thar! I'm talkin' like a fool ag'in. (*L. C.*) What right have I to even think about her? She's a lady—educated, refined—while I—jest a scout—fit for nothing else. Seems to me some things ain't fixed jest right in this world. Hello, who's this?

*Enter MISS SPRIGGINS, C. D.*

MISS S. Dear Mr. Ralston! (*takes his hand*) What a pleasure it is to grasp your noble hand. How much we owe you, my lips can never tell. You have won all our hearts, and (*very gushingly*) mine, untouched till now, is ever at your service.

RALSTON (*aside*). Good Lord!

*Enter MARY, R. U. E.*

MARY. Mr. Ralston, I—(*hesitates, RALSTON goes to her and takes her hand. MISS SPRIGGINS down L.*) Oh, Miss Spriggins, when papa comes, will you please tell him that Mr. Ralston is here?

MISS S. (*aside, crossing to R. front*). That's it! that's it! Of course! Wants to keep him to herself. Well, she shan't have my own sweet Mr. McFaddle, anyhow. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

MARY. Mr. Ralston, I am so glad to see you again.

RALSTON (*L.*). Yes, miss.

MARY. Yes, miss! What a cool greeting. (*lays off hat and shawl*) Are you not glad to see me?

RALSTON. Glad! Is the sick man who has tossed in pain all night glad to see the sunshine? Is the traveller over you desert waste glad to see pure water? Glad? Why, Miss Mary, I've thought of nothing else for weeks—I've—

MARY (*sits R.*). Go on.

RALSTON. I can't. When you look at me so friendly like, I can't say a word. My tongue gets thick an' tangled up, an' I act jest like a blamed fool. An' I ain't anything else—a mere simple—



MARY. Do not speak that way, Mr. Ralston. You are young, brave, and honest. You have a splendid future before you, and——

RALSTON. That's jest it, Miss Mary. I sometimes feel as if I could be something more than a mere scout an' guide—that I might even hope to—(*sighing*) Well, no matter. I'm goin' away, miss. (*up c.*) Good-bye.

MARY. You are not going to leave us?

RALSTON (*down c.*). I must.

MARY (*L. c.*). Why must you?

RALSTON. When I was a little boy I remember seein' a bright star through the cabin window, an' wishin' with all my heart that I might have it. Another bright star shines on my wild an' troubled life—an earthly star, yet none the less remote, for poor Jack Ralston never hopes to win her.

MARY (*shyly*). Have you tried?

RALSTON. Miss Mary, I'd rather you'd take this knife and drive it right into my heart than talk that way. Can't you see that it raises impossible hopes?

MARY. Why impossible?

RALSTON. Why?

MARY. Oh dear—must I really ask you to marry me?

RALSTON. Hold on—wait a minute—let me think. Do you really——

MARY (*side glance*). Yes, I do!

RALSTON. —really love me?

MARY. With all my heart. (*embracing*) So there now—(*holds him at arm's length*) you dear great goose! And a nice time you have had in finding it out.

RALSTON. But how was I to know? Why, Mary dear, I half believe it's all a dream, even now.

MARY (*close beside him*). Jack, may be a kiss would—would rouse you, if you are not afraid to take it.

RALSTON. Well, I'll try it. (*kisses her.*)

*Enter LESTER, R. U. E.*

LESTER. Ahem!

MARY. Papa! Oh good gracious! (*runs to L. front.*)

RALSTON (*R.*). Now I'll catch it.

LESTER (*C.*). Well, you are a pretty pair! What does all this mean?

MARY (*advancing*). Please, papa——

LESTER. Well?

MARY (*retreats, then advances, speaks quickly*). I love Jack and Jack loves me, and we're going to be married, so there now! (*slower*) Please give us your blessing, papa dear.

RALSTON. Yes, give us your blessing, papa dear.

LESTER. When I was young, lovers became acquainted before they married; but in this fast age they marry first and get acquainted afterwards.

RALSTON. Do you——

LESTER. Do I? Of course I do. Why, Jack, my boy, (*takes his hand*) we all growl at losing our treasures, but there is no man living more worthy of my brightest jewel than yourself. Come here, Mary. (*takes her hand*) Always give her the last word, Jack. She will have it anyhow. And you, my daughter—don't grumble at his little foibles. No man is perfect. Heaven bless you. Now be off. (*they start R.*)

*Enter DEMPSEY, L. 1 E.*

DEMP. Begs parding, sir, but a man were jes here from the mines, wot sed as how you an' Mr. Ralston air wanted thar pertickler bad.

RALSTON (R.). What's the matter?

DEMP. (C.). They think as how they've struck a rich vein of gold, an' wants ter know 'bout workin' it.

LESTER (L.). Very well.

MARY. I'll go too.

DEMP. Begs parding, miss, but the roads air powerful bad, an' it'll be dark afore they gits back.

LESTER. He is right, Mary. You had better remain here. There is no danger—is there, Ben?

DEMP. Oh no, sir—not a bit, not a bit.

MARY. Good-bye, then, papa. Good-bye, Jack. Don't be long, dear. I feel a strange, nameless dread at having you go. (*embracing him.*)

RALSTON. There's nothin' to fear. An' we'll make a flyin' trip. (*exit*

MARY, R. 1 E.) Now then, Mr. Lester.

LESTER. All ready.

RALSTON. Then away for some of the hardest riding you ever had.

[*Exit with* LESTER, R. 1 E.

DEMP. (*watches them off, listens a moment, then stands erect and speaks in natural tones.*) Aye, Jack Ralston! Ride hard, curse you! (*comes down C.*) You have played it high and mighty with me, but now it's my turn. (*calls off* L. 1 E.) Kidder! Oh Kidder.

*Enter* KIDDER, L. 1 E.

KIDDER. All right, cap.

DEMP. 'Sh! You confounded idiot!

*Enter* WINONA *quickly*, R. U. E., *and stands listening, unseen.*

Blast you! I am Old Ben here. Do you understand?

KID. Yes; but you needn't b'ile up so.

DEMP. Is everything ready?

KID. Bet yer life.

DEMP. Then mind what I say. Bring up the horses, and when I signal come ahead. We will nab the girl, and once in the mountains the devil himself won't find us.

KID. I reckon he'd spot *you* anywhere. But how about Ralston? He owes you one fer killin' his brother, an' ef he gits ther drop on me, my name is mud. I'm tellin' yer.

DEMP. Don't be afraid. I shall look after him. I owe him one for spoiling my little game. (*exit* KIDDER L. 1 E.) Now my dainty Mary, good-bye to your fool's paradise.

[*Exit*, L. 1 E.

WINONA (C.). What say—carry off Mary? What for—money? Yes, yes. Ole Lester heap rich—give big ransom. Winona stop that.

*Enter* RALSTON *quickly*, R. U. E., *lariat in hand.*

RALSTON. Tough luck. Lester's horse in a gully with a broken leg, so I've had to ride back for a fresh animal. (*going* L.)

WIN. (*detaining him.*) Oh, Jack!

RALSTON (C.). Thar, thar, gal, don't stop me; I'm in a hurry.

WIN. Winona heard—

RALSTON. All right—tell me to-morrow.

WIN. About Mary.

RALSTON (*stops*). Mary?

WIN. Yes.

RALSTON. What about her?

WIN. Bad mans here—talk—say carry her off to mountains—hide—git ransom—kill you. They here soon.

RALSTON. You heard this?

WIN. Yes—Winona heard.

RALSTON. Oh ho! Well, they won't do it, whoever they are. Run, gal, fetch me a blanket, quick. (*exit WINONA, R. 1 E.*) Case of abduction, eh? Well now, I'll let 'em practice on me a little, to sorter get their hand in.

*Enter WINONA, R. 1 E., with large blanket.*

WIN. Here, Jack.

RALSTON. Thankee, gal. Now vamose. (*exit WINONA, R. U. E.*) Wants to carry off Miss Mary, eh, (*arranges blanket on chair, R. front, with back to L. U. E.*) an' kill me in the bargain? Now I call that sorter unchristian. (*picks up MARY's hat and bonnet*) I wonder how these here riggins go on. (*business with them*) Thar! (*sits R. front*) Now for a surprise party.

*Enter DEMPSEY and KIDDER, L. U. E. to C.*

DEMP. (*cautiously*). Come on; the coast is clear.

KID. Thar she sets.

DEMP. 'Sh! Easy now. (*they creep behind RALSTON and seize him, KIDDER on his right. He throttles KIDDER. At the same instant*)

*Enter CYRUS and McFADDLE, R. U. E. DEMPSEY runs off L. 1 E.*

McF. (*throws off coat and dances about*). A fight! Whoop! Slug him, Mr. Ralston, slug him. (*strikes at CYRUS*) Hooray! Slug him.

RALSTON (*has forced KIDDER to his knees*) Hand me that lariat. (*binds KIDDER*) Thar! Sorter 'stonished, ain't ye, Kidder? Who war with ye? Was it Dempsey? Lost yer voice, eh? Well, ye won't need it long. Stand up. (*KIDDER rises*) Look here, you two—hang onto this chap till I get back. I'm goin' arter Mr. Lester, an' then we'll 'panel a jury an' have a trial. Now freeze to him—he's mighty slippery.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*

McF. (*has one end of rope, CYRUS has the other*). I say, naygur!

CYRUS. Huh!

McF. Won't he make a beautiful carps? (*KIDDER lunges at McFADDLE, who drops rope and yells.*)

CYRUS. Hi, dar! Hang on! He's de debble himse'f! I tole yo'.

McF. (*picks up rope and starts L., CYRUS in rear*). All right now, coal-tar. Come along now, come along. Aisy, now, aisy. Don't let the naygur step on ye wid his fairy-loike feet, or ye'll die afore ye're hung, so ye will.

CYRUS (*imitating locomotive*). Choo! choo! choo! Ding-dong, ding-dong! All aboard fo' de necktie party!

[*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*

*Enter MISS SPRIGGINS and MARY, R. U. E.*

Miss S. Oh, dear me! (*sits L., MARY R.*) What an awful, dreadful, frightful, horrible, terrible country this is! Everybody killing everybody, and when men are so very scarce too. Not that I care anything about the creatures, which I don't, as I despise the whole race of men.

though to be sure that is a delightfully sweet Irish gentleman who arrived a short time ago, and is stopping here now; and very nice and bright and witty he is too, and he said the very sweetest things to me, just as those heathenish children came in, though of course I wouldn't listen to a single solitary word. I am so painfully shy and inexperienced, you know, my dear.

MARY. Yes, indeed you are. I have often pitied you.

MISS S. To be sure you have; and you're a nice, clever girl, Mary; and we innocent young things ought to confide in each other; and if it were not for wishing you bad luck I would like to see you married. But to think of having a brute of a husband coming home from the "lodge" drunk, going to bed with his boots on, after hanging his hat up on the floor, and telling how his mother used make mince pies. Oh, it's quite too dreadful to think of.

MARY. Then we won't think of it. Papa and Mr. Ralston will be coming back soon, and I shall ride out to meet them.

MISS S. I advise you to stay at home. Some of those ferocious men—

MARY (R. *front*). Those ferocious men would never harm me, my dear.

[*Exit*, R. 1 E.

MISS S. (C.). What a girl! Oh, if I only had her bold, fearless nature. (*looks off*) There she goes, riding like mad; and it's getting late, too. Well, I think I will stroll around a little. Perhaps I shall meet that darling, dearest Mr. McFaddle again.

[*Exit*, R. U. E.

McFADDLE (*outside*). Oh, Murther, murther!

*Enter* McFADDLE and CYRUS, L. U. E., *showing marks of a hard struggle; coats off, collars torn open, etc.* McFADDLE has a black eye, CYRUS a bloody handkerchief. *They come down front, c.*

McF. Oh dear, oh dear!

CYRUS. Oh Lord, oh Lord!

McF. I'm kilt intirely!

CYRUS. So'm I, so'm I!

BOTH (*look at each other, then turn away*). Wow, 'ow, wow!

McF. (*pointing to eye*). Luk at me eye. I'll be cross-eyed foriver!

CYRUS (*showing handkerchief*). Look at my nose. Dat'll be cross-eyed too!

BOTH (*same business*). Wow, 'ow, wow!

McF. He knocked a lung out!

CYRUS. He knocked all ob my lungs out!

BOTH (*same business*). W—o—w!

McF. Me good looks air spoiled foriver!

CYRUS. So's mine, so's mine!

BOTH (*same business*). Wow, 'ow, boo hoo!

*Enter* RALSTON and LESTER, R. U. E.

RALSTON. Hello! what's the matter here?

McF. (R.). Ye see, Mистер Ralston—

CYRUS (L.). 'Zactly, Mr. Ralston—

McF. That air fool naygur—

CYRUS. Dat ar' chucker-headed Irish—

McF. Oh, turn off yer gas, ye jumpin' baboon!

CYRUS. Don' yo' sass me, er I'll brack dat udder eye!

RALSTON. Come now! (*seizing them*) So your prisoner has escaped, eh?

McF. Yis, sor. Ye see, that infernal—

RALSTON (*shaking them*). You're a fine lot! I ought to shoot both of you. Get out! (*pushes them L. C.*)

*Enter* MISS SPRIGGINS, R. U. E.

LESTER. Where is Mary?

MISS S. (C.). Isn't she with you?

RALSTON. No.

MISS S. She rode out to meet you.

LESTER. Merciful Heaven!

CYRUS (L.). Dar! I done tole yo' dat man gittin' 'way would make trouble. If yo' only friz to him, like I did, yo' mis'ble, no 'count—

McF. Oh, dhry up, ye orang-ertang! [*Exit with* CYRUS, L. 1 E.

RALSTON. Be calm, sir. (*MISS SPRIGGINS goes L.*) She's probably off the trail a bit. I'll soon find her. (*aside*) Pray Heaven I may.

*Enter* WINONA, *breathless*, L. U. E.

WIN. (R. C.). Jack!

RALSTON (C.). Winona—what is it?

WIN. Mary—

RALSTON. What of her? Speak, gal!

WIN. Bad mans—stop horse—catch her—take her away.

RALSTON. Quick! Which way?

WIN. To the mountains.

RALSTON. Dempsey! Sure as sin!

LESTER. That scoundrel? Oh, my child! (*starts L.*)

RALSTON (*detaining him*). Stop, sir. You'd only throw your life away. Trust in me. I'll bring her back in twenty-four hours, or die in the attempt.

L. MISS SPRIGGINS. LESTER. RALSTON. WINONA. R.

QUICK CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

SCENE.—*Woodland or rocky pass. Practicable rocks* R. U. E.

*Enter* DEMPSEY, MARY, and KIDDER.

DEMP. (C.). We'll stop here and rest a while. It's not really safe, but the horses are blown, and I'm done up.

MARY (R.). And you will need all the rest you can get, Joe Dempsey!

DEMP. Ah, you interest me.

MARY. Mr. Ralston will—

DEMP. Exactly. Mr. Ralston—your hero—will hunt the villain—that's myself—thank you—hunt the villain down, to rescue the fair maid—yourself, my dear—from a fate worse than death. That's the way they always do in novels. But in reality the villain will kill Mr. Ralston at sight, and hold you for a snug ransom, in the most approved banditti style.



MARY. Hold me for ransom ?

DEMP. Precisely. You are very sweet and lovable, my dear, and if I had not been exposed at your home in New York, I would certainly have married you—for revenue only. I am a regular free trader when it comes to matrimony. Ralston spoiled my little game, but, luckily, you came West on a pleasure trip, and tumbled right into my arms. And thus, my dear, I get the cash without the trouble of marrying.

MARY. You will get no ransom for me, Joe Dempsey.

DEMP. Indeed ? You surprise me. (*takes her wrist, speaks with gradually increasing force*) If my demand is refused—if payment is even delayed—I will give you over to the vilest devils that follow in my band. You shall drag out an existence so low and degraded that hell itself would be a heaven in comparison ! (*releases her.*)

KID. (*L., aside*). Whew ! The cap'n is a-gittin' riled up !

DEMP. (*up c.*). Go, (*points R.*) lie down under those sheltering rocks. I'll call you when I'm ready. (*exit MARY, defiantly, R. U. E.*) Keep your eyes on the girl, Kidder; watch the back trail too, though I doubt that we're followed. I must have a nap. [*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

KID. (*C.*). All right, cap. (*down c.*) Now I call that ar' mighty cheeky. Me keep watch, when I'm half dead for sleep myself. Things begin to look sorter squally 'round here. Hosses used up, a long ride afore us, an' Ralston on our track. Cuss me if I like it. An' ef Dempsey gets the boodle, which ain't likely, he'll cabbage the whole damn business, an' I'll be left in the mud anyhow. Kidder, you're fly, you ar'; you'd better skip, you had. Good-bye, cap'n; sleep sound, and may the devil get you afore sundown. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

*Enter McFADDLE, followed by CYRUS, L. U. E. Both are heavily armed, and walk on tiptoe, showing great caution.*

McF. 'Sh !

CYRUS (*whirls around*). 'Sh !

McF. Whist !

CYRUS. Whist ! (*whirls around.*)

McF. Whist ! 'Sh ! D'ye hear that ?

CYRUS (*frightened*). Ye-ye-yes !

McF. (*coolly*). That's more'n I did.

CYRUS. Oh ! (*pointing*) Look a' dat ! Look a' dat !

McF. (*frightened*). Oh dear, oh dear ! What is it ?

CYRUS (*coolly*). Nuffin 'tall.

McF. (*disgusted*). Think yer smart, don't ye, ye leather-headed coon ? Yah ! (*goes L.*)

CYRUS (*C.*). Now look yere. Am yo' gwine to stan' eroun' jawin' all day, or am yo' gwine ter help me ter captur' dis yar Dempsey, say ? O-oh ! Jes let me cotch sight ob him once—jes once ! He'll fink de day ob prohibition am a-comin', suah ! (*struts about*) I'll jes par'lyze him !

McF. Here he is now !

CYRUS (*drops gun, kneels c.*). Oh, please, Massa Dempsey ! Please, sah ! Don' hu't me, don' hu't me, sah ! I's nuffin but a po' mis'ble, no 'count niggah, an' I wus only jokin' nohow, an' I won't do so no mo'. (*McFADDLE prods him in back with gun*) Wow ! woo ! (*falls on face.*)

McF. Luk at him now, luk at him ! Thar's a brave naygur ! Oh, git up now, ye mumblin' idiot. Git up !

CYRUS (*rising*). A-a-a-ain't he dar ?

McF. Av coorse not. Come along wid ye.

CYRUS. I'se coming. (*aside*) I knowed he wasn't dar. [*Exeunt, R. 1 E.*]

*Enter CHARLIE and POLLY, L. U. E.*

POL. (c.). There, smarty! You knew the way home, you did. Oh, yes; you knew all about it. I hope you're satisfied now. We're completely lost, I tell you; and the chances are that the horses will get away while we're mooning around up here. (*down c.*) Oh dear, I'm half starved.

CHAR. (L. C.). Well, 'tain't my fault.

POL. Whose is it?

CHAR. Yours of course. You would go off on a long ride yesterday, and you would stay at the fort last night, and here we are—at the end of creation. We ought to be labelled, "Lost, strayed, or stolen. The finder will please return to Ralston's ranch, right side up with care, and get a suitable reward." (*crosses R.*)

POL. (L.). And a suitable blowing up we'll get, if we ever do see home again.

CHAR. There's somebody coming. Let's hide.

POL. Where?

CHAR. This way.

[*Eccent behind rocks, L. U. E.*]

*Enter MCFADDLE and CYRUS, R. 1 E.*

McF. Thar, naygur, I hope ye air satisfied. Thar's nobody around here at all at all.

CYRUS. Cose not. Dey prob'ly seed me a-comin', an' sorter skedad-dled. Dar's my gun, (*holding it up*) an' dar's my son ob a gun. (*shows pistol*) Oh, I'se dang'us, I is! I'se an unhitched cyclone, I is! Wah! I'se a lion in de paf, I is! Nuffin kin scar' me. No, sah, nuffin 'tall. (*crosses L.*)

CHAR. (*outside*). Ola, ola, ola, yip, yip, ya-a-a-a!

McF. and CYRUS (*together*). Oh! (*they rush into each other's arms and struggle down to R. front, badly frightened.*)

*Enter CHARLIE and POLLY from behind rocks.*

POL. Ha, ha, ha! Look at them!

McF. (*looks around*). Ah, it's only the kids. I knew it—I knew it was thim all the while. (*going L.*)

CYRUS. So did I. I knowed it wus dem. Cose I did. Da-da-dat's why I wasn't 'tall scar'd. See?

McF. An' what's ye doin' here, I'd know?

POL. Trying to find ourselves. We are lost.

McF. Lost air ye? Swate babes av the woods!

CHAR. (*steps up to MCFADDLE*). Look here, Irish! I want none of your guff!

CYRUS (*beside CHARLIE*). Dem's my sentiments.

McF. Oh, what's der matther wid ye?

CHAR. and CYRUS (*together, hands in pockets, cross to R.*). Oh, we're all right!

*Enter RALSTON quickly, L. U. E.*

RALSTON. Pat, you an' Cyrus climb the rocks (*pointing R. front*) yonder. Don't expose yourselves, but keep a sharp look out. The trail is gettin' warm.

McF. All roight, sor. An'—av—an' av we're kilt at all, I'll yell an' let ye know, so I will.

CYRUS. Yesser, we'll bofe yell.

[*Exit with MCFADDLE, R. 1 E.*]

RALSTON (c., *seeing CHARLIE and POLLY*). What brought you here?

CHAR. (R.). Our horses.

POL. (L.). That's right, silly. The fact is, we're lost—thanks to him—stupid!

CHAR. Oh, of course. Lay it to me. That's the woman of it.

POL. Oh you!

CHAR. There; I hope you feel better now.

POL. Never mind him, Jack. Tell us where we are.

RALSTON (*pointing L.*). Do you see that point of rocks. It's twenty miles away, but the fort is thar. Head for them rocks, an' ride as if the Old Nick war after you. God bless you both! Thar, now go.

POL. Can't you come? He'll be sure to lose me.

RALSTON. No; I've business here. Good-bye. (*they exit L. U. E.*) Jack, my boy, you are in for a tussle now; but with that ar' sweet gal in the devil's clutches, I feel as if I could fight a regiment.

*Enter WINONA, L. U. E.*

WIN. (L. C.). Jack!

RALSTON. Winona, gal, you here? (*they come down c.*)

WIN. Yes. Danger, Jack—big danger.

RALSTON. I know thar's danger, gal, an' you orter staid at the ranch.

WIN. You save Winona once. Now Winona save you.

RALSTON. Save me? Why bless you, gal, I'm a match for any of 'em.

WIN. Yes—you brave—quick—strong arm; but Dempsey here—many men—you all alone—nigger an' Irish no 'count.

RALSTON. I don't care, gal. But you—

WIN. Hush! Listen. Some one comes. Hide!

RALSTON. Behind them rocks, quick! (*WINONA hides behind rocks, L. U. E.*) Now, if it's my bird. (*follows WINONA.*)

*Enter DEMPSEY, R. U. E. Comes slowly down R.*

DEMP. Kidder! Kidder! Blast you! Kidder, I say! The fellow has sloped, confound his rascally hide. What in thunder shall I do? If I thought—

RALSTON (*aiming revolver*). Throw up your hands!

DEMP. (*throws up hands*). Ralston!

RALSTON (*steps forward, followed by WINONA*). Aye, Ralston. Time's up, Joe Dempsey!

DEMP. Remember your word. You promised to give me a chance.

RALSTON. Yes, I promised, an' I'll keep my word. I'll give you a chance, man to man, face to face. Then drop yer gun, draw yer knife, an' may the devil stand by to help you!

DEMP. (*points behind RALSTON*). Look! There's Mary! (*RALSTON turns quickly and looks off L.*) There, curse you! (*draws pistol quickly and fires at RALSTON. At the same instant WINONA throws herself in front of RALSTON and receives the shot.*)

WIN. Ah! (*falls into RALSTON's arms.*)

RALSTON. Winona! (*she sinks down.*)

DEMP. Confusion! (*is about to fire again, when*)

*Enter KIDDER quickly, R. 2 E., and wrenches pistol from him*

KID. No you don't!

DEMP. What do you mean, fool?

KID. I mean that I've cut loose from your gang, Joe Dempsey. It's fair play now. [Exit. R. 2 E.]

RALSTON (*bends over* WINONA. DEMPSEY *stands with jol'ed arms up* R.) Winona! Look up. Speak to me, child. It's Jack; don't you know me?

WIN. Dear Jack—lift me up—me love you—me save you. (*throws her arms around his neck*) Winona happy—Great Spirit calls her home—love—love—ah! (*arms fall and head sinks down.*)

RALSTON. Winona! Winona! Dead, dead, dead! (*lays her down.*)

DEMP. Now is my time! (*draws knife, creeps behind RALSTON and strikes just as RALSTON turns and catches his wrist.*)

RALSTON. Sneaking coyote! (*hurls him back and draws knife*) Now, Joe Dempsey! (*they fight with their knives. DEMPSEY is slain.*)

*Enter MARY quickly, L. U. E., forming tableau with RALSTON.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act....	3	2
231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	248. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts	8	6
208. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	2	107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act	3	3	152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act..	1	1
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts....	7	3	52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1
93. Area Belle, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta,		
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	2	1 act.....	2	1
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3	113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4
258. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	20. Daddy Gray drama, 3 acts.....	8	4
287. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act.....	4	1	286. Daisy Farm drama, 4 acts.....	10	4
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act... 4	2	
310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a.	6	2	22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts....	8	3
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act	4	2
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	96. Dearest Mamrua, comedietta, 1 act..	4	3
223. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	16. Dearest than 1 life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	58. Deborah (Leal), drama, 3 acts.....	7	6
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1
279. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts....	14	2	71. Doing for the Pest, drama, 2 acts..	5	3
290. Black and White, drama, 3 acts....	6	3	142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	204. Drawing Room Car(A), comedy, 1 act	2	1
179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts..	5	2	21. Dreams, drama, 1 act.....	6	3
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta..	4	8	260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts	6	3
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	210. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a.	15	5
261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts.....	11	6	233. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts..	13	5
226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act.....	2	1	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
24. Cabnan No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act....	4	2
199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act.....	6	2	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical burlesque, 1 act.....	8	1
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts..	5	5	202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts....	11	8
55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts.....	12	5	315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act.....	1	1
39. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act....	4	1	297. English Gentleman (An) comedy-drama, 4 acts.....	7	4
80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts	6	5
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a.	9	3	230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts..	5	2
219. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts.....	5	2	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts	9	7
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act..	3	2	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
205. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act.....	1	1	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
			262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts.....	17	4
			145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
			102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	2	2
			88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act....	4	2



# DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.



	M.	P.		M.	P.
99. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts	6	3	109. Locked in, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	4
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a.	3	1	85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch.....	1	1
74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4	87. Locked Out, comic scene.....	1	1
53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2	143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act..	4	2
73. Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11	4	4	212. London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts..	10	3
30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,			291. M. P., comedy, 4 acts.....	7	2
1 act.....	5	3	210. Mabel's Manœuvre, interlude, 1 act	1	3
131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.....	10	3
276. Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a.	5	1	154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts..	8	6
306. Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts..	8	5	63. Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act..	5	3
277. Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw,			249. Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts.	3	4
farce, 1 act.....	4	2	208. Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a..	3	2
205. Heir Apparent (The), farce, 1 act..	5	1	39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act	4	7
241. Handy Andy, drama, 2 acts.....	10	3	7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.....	5	1
28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	7	1	49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.....	8	2
151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2		15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.....	4	2
8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3	46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.....	5	2
180. Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts.	38	5	51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
303. Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act..	2	2	302. Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act.....	2	2
19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.....	17	3
60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5	250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1a.	4	3
191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	3	312. More Sinned against than Sinning,		
246. High Life Below Stairs, farce, 2 acts.	9	5	original Irish drama, 4 acts.....	11	
361. Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.....	12	7	234. Morning Call (A), comedietta, 1 act.	1	3
224. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.....	5	3	108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.....	3	3
187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.....	3	3
174. Home, comedy, 3 acts..	4	3	169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
211. Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1.	2		216. My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act..	3	3
74. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1	236. My Turn Next, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
90. Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act..	4	1	193. My Walking Photograph, musical		
197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	13	2	duality, 1 act.....	1	1
225. Ici on Parle Français, farce, 1 act..	3	4	267. My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act.....	3	4
252. Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts..	6	1	130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.....	3	1
18. If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4	3	92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.....	2	2
116. I'm not Meself at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3	2	213. Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts..	4	2
123. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	140. Never Reckon your Chickens, etc.,		
159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act..	4	2	farce, 1 act.....	3	4
278. Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts.	8	2	115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8	5
282. Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act...	9	3	2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.....	18	3
273. Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts.	6	3	57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.....	4	4
243. Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.....	8	3	104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.....	7	5
271. Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.....	9	3	112. Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act. ...	3	3
244. Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	2	298. Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act.....	4	4
270. Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	1	185. Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts.	13	2
274. Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts..	7	1	84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.....	10	6
122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4	117. Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama,		
177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1	3 acts.....	5	4
100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2	171. Nothing like Paste, farce, 1 act. ...	3	1
299. Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts.....	26	6	14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts...	13	6
139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts..	3	3	300. Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts.....	11	8
17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts....	6	4	269. Object of Interest (An), farce, 1 act.	4	3
253. Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act..	2	3	268. Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act.	3	3
309. Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7	2	173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act....	3	3
86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5	227. Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	4
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.....	11	5	176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act..	1	2
72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2	254. One Too Many, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts.	12	3	33. One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act	2	3
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act..	3	2	3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	4
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act...	1	1	30. Only a Halpenny, farce, 1 act.....	2	2
253. Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5	1	170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.....	7	2	289. On the Jury, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.....	14	5	97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act	3	3
239. Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act....	5	2	66. Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts.....	18	4
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2	4	209. Othello, tragedy, 5 acts.....	16	2
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.....	6	3
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.....	6	6	94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.....	7	5
295. Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts.....	8	8	45. Our Domestics, comedy-farce, 2 acts	6	6
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act...	3	2	155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts..	24	5
32. Man of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1.	4	1	178. Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts.....	17	5

# DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

	M. F.		M. F.
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.....	11 5	257. Ten Nights in a Bar Room, drama, 5 acts.....	8 2
305. Pair of Shoes (A), farce, 1 act.....	4 3	146. There's no Smoke without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2
285. Partners for Life, comedy, 3 acts.....	7 4	83. Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.....	6 1
156. Peace at any Price, farce, 1 act.....	1 1	245. Thumping Legacy (A), 1 act.....	7 1
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4	251. Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts.....	9 3
127. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.....	3 10	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.....	7 3
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, 1 act.....	15 24	27. Time and Tide, drama, 4 acts.....	7 5
293. Philomel, romantic drama, 3 acts.....	6 4	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.....	4 2
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.....	2 1
61. Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts.....	7 2	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
138. Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1a.....	10 3	272. Toodles (The), drama, 2 acts.....	10 2
217. Poor Pillicoddy, farce, 1 act.....	2 3	235. To Oblige Benson, comedietta, 1 act.....	3 2
110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1a.....	3 6	238. Trying It On, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.....	8 2	29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.....	5 3
109. Poor Boy, drama, 2 acts.....	5 3	214. Turn Him Out, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
95. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce.....	3 10	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.....	4 2
280. Pretty Piece of Business (A), come- dy, 1 act.....	2 3	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.....	6 3
181. 182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.....	37 9	231. Twixt Axe and Crown, play, 5 acts.....	24 13
196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic operetta, 1 act.....	1 1	198. Twin Sisters, comic operetta, 1 act.....	2 2
255. Quiet Family, farce, 1 act.....	4 4	265. Two Bounycastlees, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
157. Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act.....	5 2	220. Two Buzzards (The), farce, 1 act.....	3 2
132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.....	10 10	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.....	3 4
237. Regular Fix (A), farce, 1 act.....	6 4	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.....	4 4
183. Richelieu, play, 5 acts.....	12 2	288. Two Roses (The), comedy, 3 acts.....	7 4
38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.....	10 2	292. Two Thorns (The), comedy, 4 acts.....	9 4
77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts.....	8 4	294. Uncle Dick's Darling, drama, 3 acts.....	6 5
316. Romeo on the Gridiron (A), mono- logue, for a lady.....	1 1	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.....	2 1
195. Rosemi Shell, burlesque, 4 scenes.....	6 3	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.....	6 2
247. Rough Diamond (The), farce, 1 act.....	6 3	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.....	7 4	317. Veteran of 1812 (The), romantic mil- itary drama, 5 acts.....	12 2
13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.....	6 6
229. Sarah's Young Man, farce, 1 act.....	3 3	91. Walpole, comedy in rhyme.....	7 2
158. School, comedy, 4 acts.....	6 6	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.....	2 1
201. School for Scandal, comedy, 5 acts.....	13 4	231. Wanted, One Thousand Spirited Young Milliners for the Gold Re- gions, farce, 1 act.....	3 7
264. Scrap of Paper (A), comic drama, 3a.....	6 6	44. War to to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.....	5 4
79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1a.....	7 5	311. What Tears can do, comedietta, 1a.....	3 2
203. She Stoops to Conquer, comedy, 5a.....	15 4	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1a.....	2 10
37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	266. Who Killed Cock Robin? farce, 2a.....	2 2
35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.....	2 1	98. Who is Who? farce.....	3 2
313. Single Married Man (A), comic ope- retta, 1 act.....	6 2	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.....	4 4
43. Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.....	7 2	213. Widow (The), comedy, 3 acts.....	7 6
6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.....	2 1	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, bur- lesque.....	8 2
221. Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 act.....	5 2	314. { Window Curtain, monologue.....	1
10. Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act.....	1 1	Circumstantial Evidence.....	1
26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.....	16 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 4 acts.....	6 8
207. Sold Again, comic operetta, 1 act.....	3 1	161. Woman's Vows and Masons' Oaths, drama, 4 acts.....	10 4
304. Sparking, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2a.....	4 4
78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.....	7 3	290. Wrong Man in the Right Place (A), farce, 1 act.....	2 3
215. Still Waters Run Deep, comedy, 3a.....	9 2	54. Young Collegian, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
256. Sweethearts, dramatic contrast, 2a.....	2 2		
232. Tail (Tale) of a Shark, musical mono- logue, 1 scene.....	1 1		
31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.....	3		
150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2		
120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.....	2 1		

# T33 P.

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3	1	124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch....	2	
African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5			111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act.....	6	1
Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	6	2	139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc. 5	2	
Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7		50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a. 3	1		64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene.....	4	1
Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes... 7	1		95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	11	
Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene. 2	1		67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene... 6		
Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1	2	4. Eh? What is it? sketch.....	4	1
Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc. 6	1	
Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece.....	4		98. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4	1	
Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene.... 3			52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	10	1
Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes 4	1		25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene.....	2	1
Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	1	88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act 4	2	
Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality.....	4	2	51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene. 2		
Black Statue (The), Negro farce.... 4	2		152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	6	
Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch. 3	1		106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes....	8	1
Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act.....	2	1	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc. 2	2	
Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes.....	5	2	17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act.....	2	
Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene.....	4		58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc. 4		
Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2			31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes....	3	
Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch.....	2	2	20. Going for the Cup, interlude.....	4	
Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	6	2	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene. 3		
Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene.....	6		130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	6	
Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch.....	3	
Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc. 4	1		61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene.... 5	1		142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene.....	1	1
Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene.....	3		23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene. 5	1	
Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc. 5	1		118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act.....	6	
Darky's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene 3	1		3. Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
Darky Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc. 6		
			68. Hippotheatron, sketch.....	9	
			150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene 6		
			71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
			123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1

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